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Bard

NIETZSCHE'S TYPEWRITER

The over, the over the licit,
the everlasting beginning
beginning

“a fruit
falls from no tree
and becomes me”



Schreibkugel.

It is Nietzsche's typewriter
a bowling ball with eyes
a Cavaillon melon from Provence
grown between sunflowers
whose Fibonacci seeds
count out the syllables of God
and the Roman road to Spain,
a single fruit studded with alphabets

“I hold my brain in my hands now
and press my keys,
I scribe, I describe,
I lick skin, I lock
and I unlock the world,

I fall apart, I run to seed
myself, unself me,
and you are what becomes of me”

Any book
is a pudding of words,
it is thick,
it sickens us.
Every book you ever opened
is somehow still in you now,
subtle-thick, cells-impeding.
your neurons replete
with its meanings

all of them trying to love you at once.

For any alphabet
is an orgy,
everyone with everyone,
an army of pyramids upside down

coming over the desert towards you
trying to right themselves in you,

what is a poor machine to do,
o let me stand upright in you!

He wrote a poem
on a machine,
it rhymed with iron
it rhymed with glass
he squeezed it
between his hands
to make it squeak,
squeal, the door creaks
as it swings open
by its own no-self
and the night sings

and no one stands there
gibbering articulate,
squeezing a machine in her no-hands

because she has language too
at last we let us hear

timor mulieris initium moriæ

between her slender fingers
dancing on the machine
careful of the chasm between the keys
down there where there are no words

and still the humans feel and need,

“o sparrowcraft come teach me lift
to hear the missing lady
found only among us,
sprawling out new alphabets—
gleam of thigh, glint of teeth”

do you miss the sound of typewriters
chattering in the Massachusetts night?

“I’ll tell you what it means:
it means what comes to mind
when it happens—

what more could a brass clock do
in a world without time?”

They say the brain
healthy or diseased
is like a pudding

in which events take place,
structures, functions, who can tell?

Events that sometimes make you think
something has changed
(but how can there be change when there is no time?
only change of seeming, change of feeling,
the brain is a change machine,
it is the proprietor of what is new,
the womb it is of the not-yet,
a wet womb floating in a northern pelvis,
that bowl of bone with eyes,

“o rest your weary head
and weep for the miseries of all beings,

the mad man beating the old man beating his horse.”

1 April 2011

MANIFESTO

Let it try as hard as it can
it will still be earth, we'll still
breathe weather, and the Latin
plainchant of the marsh frogs
no Pope can interfere with, no
council modernize. The robins
also, hiding most of the winter,
can come out and flirt now,
that's all they do, all we do,
culture is one long seduction
and there's no religion like the present.
"Never put off to tomorrow
what you could put off to the day after
tomorrow," never trust a living man
to tell you what a dead man thought.
Or vice versa. Though Freud knew
a thing or two: Anatomy is Destiny
he said, and that's not very comfortable
is it, especially when the mirror
throws opens its arms and says "It's you!"

1 April 2011

POISSON D'AVRIL

Sing song. I am the soloists
in the Matthew Passion. I sing
all the roles, and do it all at once.
A groan, a sigh, a high note held

and all is silence once again
as it was before I was invented.
By you, you cunning wombical
machine that plucks us out

of nescience and nonentity (but is
there a difference?) and lands us
safe in our paratrooper boots
licking Macy's windows in the snow.

I speak from experience, hence have
nothing you can use. All I was
I am in you, and no more to be
than such requires. A sword falls

from its scabbard, its rattle rouses
the comatose audience, likened
by Proust famously to a coral reef
alive sort of but very still. It's me

waving my arms at you, me at the keyboard,
happy birthday Rachmaninoff, it's April
Fool's Day and the fish fly high, higher
than the coachman's celebrated D over high C,

see, it's visual, really, staves and quavers,
darts and quivers, it's all music and the words
are my choristers in their chaste albs apart
up there in the choir with their smutty thoughts.

1 April 2011

= = = = =

Things catching up with themselves
teach us a thing or two—time
is the first democrat—or tries to be—
night falls on everyone but some have fire.

Some have not much. Simple things
explain complexities. A child drinks milk—
half his body hides below the table,
only the face and hands appear, those masks

of consciousness, and Freud is proven.
We don't need much beyond our need.

2 April 2011

= = = = =

Ten a.m. the quiet dining room
sun coming in on the vivid old poinsettia
and the pale new lilies, winter ending,
Charlotte's voice upstairs, I am so happy.

2 April 2011

= = = = =

Accumulate the obvious until.

What. The star shatters (masculine
in German, like the moon) or shimmers
(a Schimmel is a fine white horse)
or Sherry we haven't seen her
in over a month through there is
an old white horse all winter
in a neighbor's field seemingly
content to stand there calmly
the way things do (is a horse
a thing?) (are you?) and we
pass by him every day,
the moon on four legs in fog
nibbling whatever. (How
can a star break?) Did
the astronauts who ambled on the moon
(did they?) have anything to say
about her gender (his?)?
How can you travel so far
and not know a boy from a girl
(what is science?) and what
kind of people are we to send
(to be) such innocents out
on our investigations? Does

a mouse (is there?) know more
about my house than I do?
The obvious answer cries out
for refutation—you can't
travel a mile without encountering
(a white horse?) (a philosopher?).

2 April 2011

= = = = =

Who are the most articulate people you know
and why? Some with their bodies
some with their mouths some with the way
they look at you in silence across the room

what is the DNA for Extended Presence
for being a little bit larger than life? Some people
stick out beyond the edges of themselves
like the demon who holds the world in his claws

outside the world. When you meet these people
you know that time and death are overrated.
Presence is the other side of being,
when you meet one of these you feel its breath.

3 April 2011

= = = = =

Speed up, slow down
and let the squirrel cross in peace
this is still America
the road has rights

or maybe only the road has rights.

Sunshine—you can feel the grass
thinking its way up from the dark.
Logic is scattered over our fields
like the bones of animals
we rode to death all winter.

What a road does: a road wakes.

3 April 2011

ESSENCE LASTS AS LONG AS ANIMAL

On the day 1-Reed one rests.
This day is one house
and you live in the sound of words.
You are a nice little girl,
the grandparents I never had
a white stallion snorting in the cold.
Why did I come into this story,
I make it stupid when I come,
I'm just a green hose in your garden,
naught but orifice. A reed.
One reed. A raft of reeds.
A house made of bundled reeds
plastered over with marsh mud.
A Grecian column imitating reeds,
reeds that hold up the sky.
Authority. You and I,
townspeople to each other,
handy at tying thing to thing,
fierce as young girls smiling,
teeth of the pinewoods, locusts
singing their opera every
seventeen years on the move.
All our wars, our waiting rooms,
my funeral where you wept,

churches full of eyes that size you up.
They want to kill, or kiss, or both
or go to sleep with eyelids trembling
over the hopeless REMwork of their dream.
They have written their names
all over our skin, have licked our wallets,
aesthetic, sucked. Worry not
neither fret—they will do to you
no more than I have all these years
since Serpo first slipped Eden.
We are devils to each other, and we dream.

4 April 2011

= = = = =

Easter. Passover. Broken crumbs
and weeping children. The veils
fall down. Long hours hearing
what no one believes. If we did
we would not need to say it in words.
I lie down. It is simple enough
in principle, a cushion. Now I rest
my head where Isis sat, she left
behind a chair to be her sign,
whenever we sit down it is a prayer,
an old prayer, real as our bodies,
mindless, beautifully animal.
No other creature sits upon a chair
it builds to sit on. Our godly bodies
drag us towards the truth, a child,
climb your hair to heaven.

4 April 2011

= = = = =

Let everything.
You have no choice
but permission.
Let it river
its milk in you
let it be the color
of what it wants
a hymn to the sun
a hymn to the other
side of space
where no one lives
let it wait or go
just let it claim us
for its own the
hard habit of being
it takes care of
itself and we have no
self to take care of,
let it not even be
it is not your problem
your problem is me.

4 April 2011

= = = = =

Jung's *Liber Novus*, the 'Red
Book' lies by the window
in rainlight next to an album
about Scottish fairies.

They are the same book—
every story is the same story,
every one tells there is
another place not here and not now
and you can let it come
into you and make you part of it.

And how could we even know
what here and now really are,
is, if we didn't have somehow
that radiant elsewhere to reveal?

4 April 2011

HEAVENBANDS

Things. Or vanish me.

A ruin by a river

something old was never new

I held its hand as it remembered

sunshine or rain the apt

façade along the god house

picturing the hellish sports of heaven

girl after girl. Konarak.

We do it in the air. Planes

fall down and curves are permanent,

traces left in consciousness

we rise to adore.

4 April 2011